

Babe Ruth Style by LazyBaker

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Summary:

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Babe Ruth Style

Author's Note:

- For [Awrble](#).

Because you always have the best ideas.

Last day of finals. End of the school year. One month before Billy's skipping out of town and Neil finally can't do shit to stop him. A big blowout at the barn on the southend of this podunk crap-heap. An easy score for weed and molly if Billy can catch the eyes of the right person and give him a reach around.

And he can.

And he would have.

Billy's lying flat on his back on Steve Harrington's bed with his tongue jammed half-way to Jerusalem.

It's Friday night. It's The Night. Billy's supposed to be blitzed. Blasted out of orbit. Circling Saturn. Getting his dick sucked badly by some lost lamb freshman.

Steve pinches Billy's thigh. Just below his balls. *Just*.

Digs his nail in as the kicker.

Billy seizes up underneath him. About to blast off on his own.

"Keep it down. Jeez." Steve tells him. Hand over the receiver. Jockstrap snug and polo shirt rucked up to his pits, perky little tits bitten red from Steve asking him *can't you do anything right?* and Billy letting him know he damn well can. "Just some porno. Yeah, the one with the—I'm not letting you borrow it. You never bring'm back, man."

Tommy's drunk. Bored at the party Billy's meant to be at if not for Steve calling. Leaving a bullshit message on the machine. *My car's acting up again, think you could—?* Neil thinks he's getting a leg up in

life by helping out a rich boy on the nicer side of this Green Acre town. Improving the Hargrove name Billy's been dragging down since Neil knocked up his ma.

It's above board. The straight and narrow.

Billy's turning eighteen and he's going to be a respectful and responsible contributing member to society.

Steve has moles dotting his body, has them on his ass and Billy's memorized every one of them, gets caught up in the sentiment of a good gash when he's up close. He's spit-slick, tongue-welcomed cunt fluttering happy under his mouth. Billy slides two fingers in. Wants to shove his whole fist, his arm—his cock, raw and feeling all those good spots inside of Steve. Fuck him until he learns to shut up.

Steve left the door to his room open. A big empty house in the better part of town with Pat Benatar on a stereo worth more than the camaro. Bed stinking of starch and night terrors. Steve hasn't showered since yesterday. Skipped out on cleaning up after P.E. and smells like it.

Billy can't string a thought together under him, pressed up into him. Steve on the nose, on his scrambled brain, on his moronic happy-go-lucky dick.

Billy spreads him wide, holds his cheeks apart with the bands of Steve's Hawkins High branded jockstrap to get as close as he can to that dark heat. Wants to hear that happy sigh of Steve coming.

Steve wraps the phone cord around the base of Billy's dick. The curled wire rubs spiraling lines along his fattened-up, riding on the edge, cock. Billy curses into the sweltering heat of Steve's asshole. Claws at his ass. Scratches angry welts down his pale backside.

Fucking-fucker.

"Vicki's a slut, she's not an idiot." Steve says, talking to Tommy. Easy. Without a stutter. Rubbing a circle on Billy's cockhead with the tips of all four of his fingers, over and over and over again, pulling that cord taut. "You can't dump Carol. She's the best you're gonna

do. You've been together since, like, we were *seven*, dude. She'll kill you before she lets you dump her."

Steve wears a polo like his favorite sport is lacrosse. Wears a jockstrap like he's putting himself up to fuck the entire team after they win.

Billy pulls back on an elastic band and snaps it. Gets Steve to yelp, notice him for a second.

Calls Billy over and does this type of shit.

Ignores him all day. Slam dunks a basketball into Billy's face just last week and asks for a suckjob behind the arcade an hour later.

"No I'm not coming. Who wants to watch a bunch of dumb asses get drunk? I've got better shit to do. Yeah—jerking off alone is better."

And Billy did. He got on his knees and gagged around his soda can stacked cock in the middle of the day. Just like he pissed away the party of the year to get a taste of rich boy pussy.

Billy has bigger problems than an asshole dad and a step sister sneaking his smokes like he doesn't count them, like Neil doesn't count the beers in the fridge.

Steve Harrington's caught him.

The hook's in Billy's cheek. Blood's in his mouth, choking him.

Steve tightens the cord, wraps it around his balls, gets them pulled up tight. His dick must be turning purple by the feel of it. On the edge, just there, coiled up and ready to strike, spurt out his whole damn soul all over Steve's face. Get it in his hair and really piss him off. Mark up that pretty dimpled golden boy smile with a load Billy's going to die shooting.

"And god, dude, I just don't wanna run into *Hargrove*. The guy's insane. I think he's actually batshit, like genuinely certifiable."

Billy leans away, head on a pillow stained faintly with Steve's drool, and stares up the long curved line of Steve's pale back, to the ceiling.

He reaches low and pinches Steve's taint.

Uses his nails and twists.

Steve bounces off his chest, shoving a hand over his mouth and backs up, looking for Billy's certifiable mouth to soothe the spark of pain away.

Billy does.

Of course he fucking does.

He rubs at the spot with his thumb and smacks his lips, diving back in to the source of every problem he'll ever have. Tugs back the cotton on the jockstrap to lick up to the seam of his balls.

Steve takes a shaking breath. Rolls his shoulders. Flexes his thighs. Billy feels him up and wants to carve his name into his muscles.

"I bet he's there." Steve says. "Probably passed out under a cow somewhere." Tommy must say *something* that makes Steve laugh and Billy promises he'll punch the freckled fuck tomorrow. "Tiffany's not that fat. At least she's got some nice tits. He'd fuck anything. And maybe—I mean, you've seen the way he looks at me. He's a little, *you know*."

You know.

You fucking know.

Billy can't *breathe*.

He yanks at the elastic. Loops the leg bands around his fists and drags that wiggling *too good for white trash like him* ass back. Bites him, digs his teeth into that fat cheek with the intent to tear and swallow him down. Bruise him up. Make him remember Billy's name and what he does for him every time he plops his shining-apple ass down.

A princess who knows she's got the goods with a dick a guy could strip his throat on happily and an ass to get lost in.

It's not a goddamn mystery why Billy came running.

Billy should be over this kind of bullshit.

He's smarter than *this*.

Steve laughs. Used to the bites. Wears Billy's teeth like he wears his polos and bomber jackets and *everyone's my friend except for Hargrove* personality. Enjoying himself. Happy to swing the noose around Billy's neck. Reaches back and pulls at Billy's hair, fists it, grinds against his face.

Christ, Steve breathes out too soft into the phone, doesn't even bother covering it up.

Hangs up. The phone clattering on the bed and then pushes it off, gets the cord and rips it off of Billy's dick. The sharp relief has Billy bucking up into the air, for one last push, a nudge for that high.

Steve rides Billy's mustache like Clint Eastwood crossing the west with his hand tangled in Billy's curls with Billy's spit smeared across his face, dribbling onto his chest, slicking Steve's hairy thighs dark, ready to come and beat the hell out of Steve as soon as he does. Aching dick and reputation gone sore.

"Billy." Steve sighs, happy and close.

Billy pushes Steve off of him.

Steve topples onto the other side of the bed, surprise turning quickly to sticking his bottom lip out, pretty mouth pursed.

"Why did you say that?" Billy says.

Steve scratches at his head, braces himself on his elbow. Puts on the idiot act. Likes to play moron to get out of trouble. Should know after months of this, it won't work on Billy.

"Harrington." Billy barks out.

"What?"

"Fuck you."

He hates how shaky his voice is. How hard his dick still is. He's got a six-foot, size-fourteen, leggy country bumpkin problem he's going to take outback and shoot.

Steve rolls his eyes. Doesn't get it. Refuses to. He's top dog, even if he doesn't want to be. Can do anything and say anything. Steve gets off his bed to roam his room. Shucks his shirt and throws it over his shoulder. The lights in the rest of the house left on. Billy can see down the long hallway to Ma and Pa Harrington's room.

The jockstrap pinches at Steve's pale backside, highlighting the bites, red elastic burns peeking out from the bleached white straps.

Steve picks up the bowling pin. Sets it down. Grabs for his little league trophy. Won at ten years old. Could hit the bases like he played in the majors.

Billy's heard the story plenty from Steve. High off bad grass and old accomplishments that turn him red with shame for still carrying that pride when he's sober.

Steve bites the wooden finger. Kneels on the bed. Cups himself through the cotton pouch, already poking out. Too big. Too hard. Wet from Billy and from Steve's own pent up excitement.

Billy licks his lips despite himself.

"Because Tommy's drunk and he won't remember anything *and*, Hargrove," Steve says. Puts a hand on Billy's knee, slides up and up to just below his navel. Steve pins him to his bed with a heavy, gut-twisting look shot under the sweat-soaked fallen fringe of his hair. "You're the one who said you're no queer. You just like a tight hole."

Steve licks circles around the tip then dips down slow, sucks on the long pointed finger of his trophy. Goes knuckle deep into his soft pink mouth. Hollows out his cheeks on the way up. Looking pretty and sweet, like the best cocksucker he's not.

Billy squirms on the bed, tugging at those nice flannel sheets that match the wallpaper.

"You never suck me that nice." He says. Anger only making him

harder, wetter for Steve and his mouth and his dick he's keeping all to himself. A selfish rich bitch.

Steve lifts an eyebrow. Scrapes his teeth along the cherry stained digit until his front teeth clack together.

"The bases were empty. I was nine and I hit that ball so hard the stitching came out." He spits on the shiny cherry wood finger. "Should've seen it, baby. Would've made you gush."

He pushes Billy's knees wide, gets him to spread his legs easy. Show him everything. His blood born rage. His want leaking thick and steady from his cock. His knowing failure to keep his self-sworn promise of getting as far away from Neil as soon as he got the golden ticket.

Steve sees it all and pushes his Babe Ruth trophy inside of Billy, finds the angle quick and fucks Billy into losing it with a happy, shit-smearing grin.

The harsh-ungiving sensation of hand-and-mouth warmed solid wood at his rim isn't what Billy wants. Thicker than Steve's own slim fingers. Slighter by miles of Steve's Indiana grown cock. Billy's spent years fucking himself with his own hands and hands belonging to faces he can't picture with names he never asked for. He'd kept his legs closed. Wasn't about to roll over for anyone like that. Not all the way. Wouldn't.

Sparks light up inside Billy and he was too close before and he plummets off the edge now, rockets into the sky and tastes moon dust.

Billy comes hot and sticky and mortifying. Over himself. Over Steve. Shoots across his cheek. Bites the meat of his hand and nearly takes a chunk out of himself. Gets a cramp in his right leg from how hard he's shaking.

Steve's laughter is muffled from the blood in his ears then rings loud.

He tastes copper and smells Steve Steve Steve.

"Hargrove, you actually came? From what? A couple pokes from my

trophy? Nasty.”

Steve wipes the gob of spunk off his cheek with his thumb. Licks it up and Billy knows it's done. All of it.

Billy goes boneless, legs star-fished, dazed, embarrassment hot on his cheeks. His cock twitching on his hip at the derision in Steve's voice and the fondness underneath it, barely even hidden. He's been punched by his own dad without a wince, but when Steve slides that wooden hand out of him he full on whimpers.

He forces himself to let go of the sheets. Tries to catch his breath. Tells his heart to shut the hell up.

Slowly drifts into the sea of the massive wet spot on the bed underneath him.

“Definitely not one fairy in this room. Not you. Not me. *Definitely* not my little league trophy.” Steve says, sharing a secret with him.

Steve tosses the wooden hand and it hits the phone with a clang. He tugs down the front of his soaked through jockstrap, dark bush shining, and gets between Billy's knees to push them up, bears down on him from above. Folds him in half. Tests it out like it's his first time. Slicks his hair back with his hand, his sweat keeps it in place.

“Did I deflower you? Be honest, is this the first time you've ever been with a man?”

“Nah, that was with your mom.” Billy says, collecting what's left of the pieces of his head. “Better dick game too. Didn't ruin it with all the chit-chat.”

Steve laughs, a bright flush lighting his face. “Hargrove, if you didn't have a dick in your mouth, you'd never shut up.”

“It's called *charm*, ya hillbilly fuck.” Billy wipes his forehead off with the back of his hand. Feels the stretch of his hips as Steve wiggles his way in, spreads him open again, feels the second knock at the door, the insistent nudge of Steve's cock at his trophy-split hole.

Steve leans back. He points up at the ceiling then down to Billy,

rolled over, belly up and waiting with a hitch to his breath. Steve Harrington promising a better hit than Babe Ruth could ever dream

Ridiculous.

Billy's laugh punches out of him, so sudden it hurts on the way out. He covers his eyes with his forearm. Hides his laughter with the bite of his teeth in his skin.

"Hey, laughing at a guy's dick ain't neighborly." Steve says.

Steve spits on his dick, spreads it from the base to his fat rosy tip, pushes in with a slow roll of his hips that shouldn't and can't mean anything close to careful or caring. Pauses and closes his eyes, head tilted back, Adam's apple jumping. Soaks in the feeling of being inside Billy. Has that sweet face flushed. A sodomite balls deep inside him and looking angelic for it. Stupid and beautiful and Billy's oblivious anchor to this town.

"Idiot." Billy says, voice tight.

Steve smiles down at him. Billy holds his breath, holds himself still as Steve cages Billy in with his arms on either side of his head, curls snagging under his elbows. Sharp pinprick pulls Billy doesn't have the thoughts to think about with Steve's warm breath on his face, his forehead pressed to Billy's. Cheap beer. Cheaper mary jane. Steve Steve Steve.

"Only for you, tinker-bell." Steve tells him and shows up Babe with a life-changing round-tripper, blasting Billy out of orbit to run circles around Saturn.

Author's Note:

I saw that hand in Steve's room and I knew what had to be done.

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